

Modern Fables.

The Fable of Ralph Who Got a Business Training and Knew How to Use It.

By George Ade

A COUPLE owning a Son named Ralph resolved to mould him into a Money-Getter. When he was in Short Dresses they told him that Candy destroyed the Teeth and Peanuts caused Pimples, so the best thing he could do was to plant his coppers in the little Tin Bank.

When Christmas came they did not give Ralph by giving him a lot of Goggles and Trumperies. They cut out of the States and Molasses Taffy. Ralph would uncoil himself on Christmas morning and crawl out in the ghostly silence to investigate the Stocking and see if he had pulled a Blank. At first it would seem Lamp and Empty, but away down in the Toe he would find a little Pass-Book and on the first Page here would be inscribed in a Firm Business Hand, "Cash, \$5."

Oh, what a Tidal Wave of Joy would engulf the Young Soul at that Moment. He had not been forced to beg. Only fifty after all. No, indeed! He had five dimpled Dollars locked up in the Bank to linger there until he should be a man.

Although he would be unable to handle the Coin, the Knowledge that it was in the "Custody of a responsible Corporation and could be withdrawn in 16 Years was sufficient to give him several quivers of Delight.

With what Ecstasy Ralph would scamper off to put Papa and Mama next. He would wave the Bank-Book above his Head and his

Gleeful Shouts would break the Dull Morning.

"Oh, look, Pop!" he would exclaim, "this is a Spoken-for! I have 5 Buckertines deposited to my credit with the Savings Department of the Herculean National Bank and Fundamentals Reserve Trust Company. Am I not to be 'congratulated'?"

Then, after Breakfast, there would be a glad Scene. Dada would take little Ralph in his arms and together they would do the careful Compute of the Compound Interest on \$5 for a period of 16 Years at 4 per cent per annum. How the young man's face would sparkle with Understanding as he cast up the Column of Figures and realize that within 12 months he would be entitled to 20 Cents that he couldn't get at.

On his Birthday, if Ralph had been Good, his Father would take him down and let him see the front of the Bank Building or else let him hold the Book for a little while.

Often, when Ralph was at School, trying to build out his Mind, or per chance while he was playing Pull-Away with thoughtless Companions, he would happen to remember that his Deposit was increasing at the Rate of One and Two-Thirds Cents a Month, and the whole Day would seem bright-er.

When he was 8 his Parents decided that it was time for him to grapple with the somber Responsibilities of Commercialism. They allowed him to pick Potato Bugs and run Errands. When he had accumulated enough

Capital, they would encourage him to go and buy himself a nice Pair of Mittens or a Jumper Suit of Underwear.

He began to trade with the other Boys and Skin them for the things they worked on their Weaknesses giving them Lump Sugar and Fishing Tackle for old Bottles and Copper Boilers, which he sold to the Junk Man. His Parents would pat him on the Head and tell him to keep it up and some

After they had fed him these Rules for a few Seasons, Ralph came home one Day and said: "Father, Dear, I have located the Model Business Man. I can put you against a Boy who is a return of all the Virtues that you have been recommending to me. You two ought to be Great Friends."

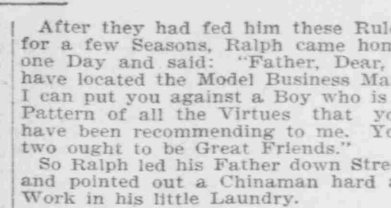
So Ralph led his Father down Street and pointed out to a Chinaman named Dada who was working in his little Laundry.



The Heathen Model.

Day he would be an Honored Figure on the Stock Exchange.

They loaded him up with Proverbs and Maxims about wearing plain attire and ploughing Deep while Sluggish sleep and routing out with the Lark in the Morning and working until the Cows come home at Night and every Little help, which Reason he was expected to freeze on to every Red Cent that came his Way.



Dada a Hired Hand.

"Behold the Chink," said Ralph. "According to what you have told me, he is All that the Business Man should be. He Hustles early and late, saves his Stuff, doesn't blow himself for Flattery, and his Foot is clean and Wholesome. Let us go in and hail him as a Brother."

"Not so," said the Father. "Let us not be too Friendly. But how and tomorrow we may be called upon to come around here and eulch him out of all he possesses. He is a Heathen and Clipping in the Shmong. Val I will admit that if he had been Born in Providence, R. I., instead of Ki Yi and could count the Pig-Tail and grow more or less, marriageable daughters, Throat Warmers, he would be a Blowing about his Sterling Qualities and his Picture would be hanging in every But the Business Man would advise you to imitate him in many Respects, but be sure and wear a black Diagonal instead of a blue Nightgale and then the Papers will speak of you as a Substantial Citizen."

After that, little Ralph set out to be a Chinaman, all except the Get-Up. He told like a Cart-Horse and adorned all Luxuries. He kept everything that came to him except when the Laundry Boy comes, his belief rendered a Bill for 1 Shirt, 6 Collars and 3 Pairs of Cuffs.

At the age when most Boys are going in for Nellys and Bostons, Ralph was making Payments on Town Property and trying to beat the Record of the Man who lived on 15 Cents a Day.

His parents were proud of him. It

was freely predicted that he would develop into a Great Financier and do up every one who came near him.

He loaned Money at Pawn-Broker's Interest and he was a Leech at Collecting.

His Father thought so well of his Abilities that he took him into the Concern.

As soon as Ralph got the Hang of the Business, he made it a Stock Company and worked a little Skulduggery with Eastern Capital and Fluctuating Profits and he gobbled up a Majority of the Shares.

When Father came down one Morning he found that he was working for Ralph and would be Docked if he took more than 15 Minutes for Lunch.

For the first Time Father began to harp about Ingratitude and how much sharper than a Scribe's Tooth is a mean, low-lived Jab from a Thankless Child.

"For all these Years you have pounded it into me that Sentiment is a Dead Card in a Business Office, and I have come to believe it," said Ralph. "When you urged me to get out of the Double Cross, you did not put in a Clause about skipping a few Relatives who happened to be in the Way. Just because you deemed the Machine is no Sign that you can Monkey with the Cog-Wheels. Buckle down to work the same as the other Hands or I may have to give you the Back."

MORAL: As the Twig is bent the Tree is inclined to be Crooked. (Copyrighted, 1901, by Robert Howard Russell.)

Max O'Rell Answers

Woman Correspondents.

MME. BERTHE DE NYSE, the witty contributor to the Paris National, takes me to task, in the columns of her paper, for saying that I object to women who write books.

I do not. In my book I only quote Alphonse Karr, who once exclaimed, on reading that a new book by a woman had appeared: "One book more, one woman less."

And she gives a long list of women writers who were as much beloved in private as they were appreciated by the public, and among them the witty and fascinating Mme. de Sevigne, Mme. Alphonse Daudet, the wife of Edmond Rostand, the new member of the French Academy, Mme. Severine, the apostle of the poor and the afflicted, and one of the most beautiful women in the world; the Baroness of Vaudeville,

one of the most read and appreciated French writers and poets; also one of the most fascinating and lovely Parisiennes.

Daudet and Browning could, Rostand could, afford to have literary wives; but who is the man of ordinary intelligence in the ordinary pursuits of life who can? Who is the man, the manly man, who can be happy with a wife superior to himself or, much worse still, who believes she is? Charlotte Bronte, Thackeray, Browning, and many others were not or are not married. George Sand was married, not much though, and not for long, and a pity it is she was for her husband's sake.

A disappointed English wife writes to me: "I feel very grateful to you for the admirable way in which you have shown up the true position of women in England. Every Englishman ought to read your book, and, although my husband was very averse to my doing so, I have read it myself and am very glad that I did. And let me add that

husbands ought to read it as well as wives. What lessons for them there are in it, to be sure! I rejoice that we have some one living among us with wit to perceive that the life which a woman leads with the ordinary selfish, beer-drinking, cigar-smoking English husband is little better than that of an eastern slave."

"Take my own case, which is one out of a thousand in our land. I belong to my lord and master body and soul; the duties of a wife, mother, and governess are required of me; I am expected to be always at home at my husband's beck and call. It is true that he feeds me well, and that for call own glorification, he provides me with handsome clothing. It is true also that he does not beat me. For this I ought, of course, be grateful, but I often think of what you say on the wife and servant question and wonder how many of us would like to share the privilege of being able to give warning to leave."

"We have heard enough about the duties of a wife to be good wives and good mothers. It is high time now, as you so rightly suggest, that we should hear something about training boys to be decent husbands and tolerable fathers. Under the present system of education they are taught from their cradles to despise girls as their inferiors, and the result is the semi-slavery of English wives which you have so ably depicted. I will recommend your book to every man and woman who meets me."

Do, please, by all means; but I am afraid, my dear Mrs. John Bull, that you are rather hard on your husband. No doubt he thinks you such an ornament to his house that he cannot bear to know you outside it. Looked at properly, it may be taken as a compliment paid to you. Do try smiling at home."

An American lady writes very much in the same strain and signs "A Neglected Wife." "From morning to night

I cudgel my poor brains to discover anything to say to please my husband, and I cannot get rewarded with even a smile. I have to spend all my evenings alone, while my husband is dining, drinking and card-playing at his club. I had the reputation of being a cheerful, good-tempered girl; but the life I have to lead now would sour an angel. I have not a smile left in me."

There is a cure for this complaint, in America especially. Just tell your husband, dear woman, in a good-natured way and with the best smile you can put on: "I now belong to the Go-It-Alone club. On your way home from your club at midnight or 1 o'clock, will you kindly call for me at my club so that we may return together?" I am not sure that the cure is infallible, but I would try it if I were in, it might work well."

"I have eight daughters. What would you advise me to do with them?" inquires an English lady correspondent. Well, I am engaged, seriously en-

gaged, and I can only advise you to apply elsewhere for a husband. If you are your daughters? If they are still in pinafores there is the system of plain diet and early hours, pursued with success, his belief rendered a Bill for 1 Shirt, 6 Collars and 3 Pairs of Cuffs.

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to the cost of the necessities of life? As a man who marries a woman because she is pretty and dresses well is not the one I envy for your daughters. We men are not all possessors of large fortunes, and what we seek, when we are sensible, are cheerful women who will be our partners. The life of an intelligent bachelor is very well worth giving up for a woman who is engaged in search of more happiness we marry so that we may be happier. At any rate, that is the inducement."

"I am daunted by an American girl; 'should I marry a dark or a blonde man?'"

Now, I like the looks of a dark man and a fair blonde woman arm in arm; but, I know it is idiotic, I don't like the sight of a dark woman and blonde man.

Marry a man with dark hair—unless you have a blonde one.

Avoid men and women with sleek, black hair, with a suspicion of blue in it.

MAX O'RELL.

Hints For The American Girl. By Dorothy Dix.

A GREAT MANY PEOPLE think that the entire art of being a Summer Girl is to be wrapped up in a shirt waist. This is a mistake. It requires a great deal more than a trunk full of pretty clothes to make a girl the belle of a summer resort, and a howling success.

Now, just what constitutes popularity is one of the things every woman has to find out for herself, and when she does, she takes precious good care not to give the snap away, but there are certain elementary rules to which it seems worth while to call the beginner's attention.

In the first place, the young woman who aspires to being a successful Summer Girl should adopt as her motto the words of the old song: "Be a Lady, Others." For downright, unadorned selfishness and lack of consideration for other people, the average Summer Girl holds the championship belt and is capable of defending it against all new comers. She monopolizes the shade, corners of the hotel galleries; she camps in the best rockers and she murders sleep by shrieking rag-time ditties after midnight. For a brilliant grandstand play I can think of nothing so original and effective as for a girl to now and then give some intimation that she does not think the summer resort is being run for her exclusive benefit.

The Summer Girl should also bear in mind that in this country, society is engineered by women, and that it is never safe to snub the grannies who sit on the galleries doing crochet work, or the homely girls who line the halls. It is the elderly women who do the entertaining in winter, when society is in full blast, and many an unattractive girl has an eligible brother. Men may pay you compliments, but it is their mothers and sisters who make out the ball lists.

Remember that the summer season is a season of rest, when people don't want to be talked to death. It is an enemy of the sex who first suggested

that women could make themselves fascinating by a never-ending flow of words. Men don't want to be talked to. They want to talk. Listen. Encourage them to tell you their opinion of the Philippine question, their golf record, the state of the crop, or the white goods trade, so shall you have a fish on your line that you can play as long as you desire.

Never tell a man a joke. It is a trespassing on his own preserves he always resents. Besides, he has generally read the comic papers first, anyway, and you are taking the words out of his mouth, and making him bankrupt in conversation. If, by any chance, you have the misfortune to be witty, and have a knack of repartee, send your bright thoughts to the almanac makers. Check them down, never speak them out in company. Many a woman has cut her own throat with her tongue.

Enter warily into all games with men. If they beat you, they have a poor opinion of your intellect and a contempt for your skill. If you beat them they have a horror of you as a creature who knows more than she ought to.

Don't take every man seriously who makes love to you. Ten to one he has a "best girl" somewhere else, and is merely making sentimental speeches to you to keep his hand in. Never forget a summer engagement is only a sort of sixty-day option on a man's heart, anyway. It isn't a permanent trade until it is ratified in town.

Be amiable. People may laugh at your sharp speeches before your face, but they will catch your words out of his mouth, and use them as a sharp-tongued weapon. It dreads her. It fears her and it shoves her. It is the amiable, good-natured, generous girl, who has a good word for other girls, and who is willing to share her beaux and her chocolate creams with those engaged to other men, who reads the comic papers. She is the kind of girl a fellow's mother and sisters like, and that she hunts up for himself when he really means business.

crowns and coronets left in the old world, and it will take some time before all the treasure trove of centuries goes up the spout to pay our debts to the new world.

One thing is quite certain, and that is that the double stimulus of the strain of the South African war and the sharp menace of American and German competition John Bull may pull himself together before it is too late. Energy, enterprise and intelligence are qualities indispensable for the maintenance of our position in the markets of the world. It is true, no doubt, that we have had as much business as we could do, and that at the present moment our

manufacturers, when told that they ought to bestir themselves, have some reason for expostulation when they point to the fact that they cannot fulfill the orders of the business world on their books; but that belongs to the past, and what may be a very rapidly vanishing past.

England was the first of the powers to discern the possibility of harnessing steam to the service of mankind. Last year, to use the words of the late Mr. John Bull, the land of Watt and Stephenson, dominated the century. The twentieth century is the century of electricity, and in electricity England cannot even pretend to pre-eminence. On the contrary, we are submissively taking a back seat in the application of electrical science, and are apparently making up our minds to admit our inability to compete with America in the electrical age, as we have already admitted it in the production of newspaper and magazine printing machinery.

At this moment, what is it that we see in London? We have the Twopenny Tube, the new and most successful illustration of an underground metropolitan railway, worked by American machinery. We have Mr. Yerkes arranging for making more Twopenny

Beware the amateur photograph fiend as you would the pestilence. Don't have yourself snap-shot in sentimental positions with some stray summer man with whom you have happened to meet. It may be awfully funny at the time, but there's always a chance of the eligible young man to whom you are engaged, or who is engaged to you, seeing it in a high comedy light.

Do not lose sight of the fact that the world is a very little place, and that we all live uncomfortably close together. Your escapades at the seaside and on the mountains will be told with embellishments in town. Don't stir up the fellow who is off for his vacation, and don't expect him to nudge his fellow clerks when you sweep into the store and tell them that you are the girl he had such fun with last summer. Don't do things in August you hope people will have forgotten by December. The world has a long memory for our faults, and a short one for our virtues.

As you are strong, be merciful. Have pity upon the poor summer young man. Remember he is an unprotected creature, far from home and mother, and that he does not realize giving up his own pleasures for a moment, or sprouting over the mountains. He comes to rest, and this is where the hammock girl scores.

Don't tell some strange woman everything you know, and your family secrets, just because she is sitting together in the moonlight and you feel confidential. It's one of the commonplace tragedies of life that we give ourselves away.

Assume an air of success. Don't look like you were striving to win admiration. Look as if you were used to it. In this one thing is comprised all the law and the prophets of being a successful Summer Girl.

DOROTHY DIX.

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Tubes, which will bring Charing Cross into a rapid communication with Hampstead. We have a third American, Mr. Mulholland, engaged in negotiations for the construction of a universal pneumatic parcel and post delivery throughout London, which will entail the expenditure of millions, but which would undoubtedly be of the greatest advantage in overcoming the congestion of traffic and the delays which are ruining the business of the city. Mr. Alf Johnson, the brother of Tom Johnson, the mayor of Cleveland, who is much talked of as a possible presidential candidate at next election, has arrived in London, full of a scheme for constructing an electric railway which will enable Londoners to run down to Brighton for a shilling in an hour. At the same time Glasgow installs American machinery to drive all its trains, and puts thousands of unnecessary horses upon the market, the quadruped having no more work to do, thanks to the intrusion of the American electrical competitor.

All this points in one direction. As the steam engine outpaces the horse, so electricity is fast outpacing the horse, and the horse is fast being put on the slope of the modern Olympus.

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on the trolley car, it seems probable he will get in ahead of all right. At the same time, while we may deplore the loss of pride of place previously enjoyed by our country, we ought not to examine each of these instances of American competition better in detail the perspective that who is the one beating us, they are really conferring the greatest possible advantage upon the individual citizen. That is, indeed, the great advantage of industrial progress, and it is the one which is opposed to military rivalry. An American, who, like Messrs. Batchelor and Mulholland, would enable us to make all our parcels silently in as many minutes as they now take hours, is a benefactor to the community at large. The pneumatic tube may supersede thousands of the drays and parcel delivery carts which make the city almost impassable at certain hours, but the balance of advantage is unmistakably on the side of the tube.

The moral of the whole matter is that while accepting the goods with which the American age provides us, we must make up our minds to start in and hustle round, otherwise we shall be badly left, without even a foothold on the slope of the modern Olympus.

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America's Electrical Conquest of England. By William T. Stead.

THE recent purchase of a controlling interest in the Leyland steamship line by the American combination which has Mr. Pierpont Morgan as its directing brain has set people thinking. Are we on the eve of a new conquest? Is the new world about to overrun the old, and whatever it thinks is worth taking, take it? It is not a pleasant suggestion. For it is likes to admit that he is beaten, even by his own countrymen, is a suggestion so long at the very forefront of the world that the notion that he is no longer his own seems almost a blasphemy. Nevertheless, John Bull will have to face the music and admit the facts.

The Leyland company continues to be a British company. The Leyland steamers will continue to fly the British flag. Behind this unchanged exterior, however, the company will be controlled in the interest of its new American owners. There are other British companies under American control, and the tendency is to increase. How long will it be, some are saying, before the process of Morganizing, which has been so effective in the case of the Leyland

line, is employed to secure the control of the British empire? We may keep our monarchy and its trappings as the Leyland steamers keep their British ensign. But the hand that grips the throttle of the state, which is also the American? There will be no need of annexation. All that is needed is a pre-emptive interest. And that may yet be in the market.

The American papers which announced the transit of the Leyland line to Pierpont Morgan and his colossal combination, maliciously headed the news with the title, "England Selling Off." There is just sufficient truth in this to make me of us a little uneasy.

American capital is now coming over here to be invested in British enterprises, and interest upon that capital will have to be remitted in some way or other to the United States. The Americans are producing everything they want themselves; but what is it that we can give them in exchange for their goods? It is nonsense to say that we have to pay for it in gold, because there is not gold enough in the country for any such purpose, and the question which puzzles some people is how much longer it will be possible for business

to be carried on between a country which has more than enough of everything that it wants and another country which has nothing which it can sell in the American market.

To this there is one answer, and a very unpleasant one—to wit, that although the Americans may no longer take our steel or our copper or our coals, they will buy up England itself, piece by piece, and then they will pick out the eyes of England and take them in exchange for their superabundance of natural commodities. Already we see this process going on in the purchases of the famous country seats in the old country by wealthy Americans. Mr. Astor, by the might of his millions, supplanted the Duke of Westminster at Cliveden. Mr. Carnegie establishes himself at Skibo. Mr. Phipps of the Carnegie firm, succeeds Lord Lytton at Knebworth; and even Mr. Croker establishes himself in his modest retreat in King Alfred's Wantage. As it is with palaces and castles, so it is likely to be in an ever-increasing ratio with titles and all manner of brocade. If we produce from field, factory or mine nothing which the Americans care to take in exchange for their commodities, we have a few

crowns and coronets left in the old world, and it will take some time before all the treasure trove of centuries goes up the spout to pay our debts to the new world.

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Mrs. Pat Campbell's Remarkable Impersonations. By Alan Dale.

LONDON, June 25.—Mrs. Patrick Campbell seems to ransack London's gylms and "incurable" hospitals in her quest of eccentric episodes and nauseatingly improbable details. In default of dramatic strat-lackets, she flies to such geniuses as Maeterlinck and Echegaray. Some time ago I saw her in a dramatization of a cerebral tumor. Last night at the Lyric theatre she appeared in Jose Echegaray's "Mariana." Long-haired "gents" who believe that impossible plays, with impossible morals, served funneled down the throats of the public would rejoice and be exceeding glad at Mariana.

Mariana was one of those ladies who should have been strangled at birth. Of all preposterous creations this grotesque, clad Spaniard is the most preposterous. Daniel Montoya was in love with her, and the instant he knew it, he kept saying, "That woman will drive me down to

hell!" which was surely a very rude thing to say. But Daniel was much in earnest and made a cud in a most melodramatic manner. And Mariana? Yes, she loved him.

That was all, however. She insisted upon dashing his Spanish hopes to the ground? Why? Because, as she prettily said, she liked to see people suffer. Her own mother had suffered. Poor mother had been led astray by an amorous Don Something-or-other, and then left! (Ah-ha!)

She tells the story of her life in staccato tones, with the soft pedal. She digs it all up. These ladies love to excavate the past, and Mariana reveals. She is a horrid person. When poor Daniel hears that his father has apoplexy and is anxious to go to him, she is quite put out about it. The idea of leaving her for an apoplectic popper!

At this point the play is so ludicrous that although you would like to grow indignant, you can't. You settle down to the ridiculous comedy of the thing. Later on, Mariana discovers that Daniel is the son of the man who ruined

mommer, and instantly she gives her hand to a gay old codger with curls and a reticent mustache. She hates him, but insists on being his. And the rakish Spaniard, with the brain of a Spanish donkey, is quite satisfied. This brings you to the last act, which is of course THE act, for which Don Jose Echegaray has been saving himself up.

It is their wedding night. (Hush!) The scene is Mariana's country house in La Granada. The bride and bridegroom come to their home. She is sumptuously clad, but looks so disreputable that you feel like giving her a good spanking. When I see a play of this sort I always send psychology and metaphysics a-promenading. The whole case revolves itself into a good spanking. If I had been Don Pablo I shouldn't have bothered with her at all. But in the long-haired drama those nasty, sulky, wixens are always brimming over with character.

Mariana won't have anything to do with him. She packs him off about his business and tells him that she intends

to sleep there on the sofa all night, with the windows open and all her clothes on. He is very indignant. Don't know why. He tells her that his heart is a firebrand, and you wonder why he doesn't take something for it—a cooling draught. She "sets there," bolt upright, looking like a hen that has swallowed a penknife. Don Pablo leaves her and says something about "Tomorrow." She sighs. If he had said "Today," or "Next year," or "Next century," she would still have been there. As soon as she is alone Daniel, the rejected, enters. He has followed them and comes upon the scene so charming. She has never cuddled him before, but this time, as she is married, she throws herself into his arms. In Continental "romance," marriage with one man is the strongest incentive to embrace another. No sooner has the marriage ceremony been performed than exultant, solid and bany sort of door it would have given way. Don Pablo enters, takes in the situation, is told by Mariana, who likes to rub it in, that she adores Daniel, and then, taking a pistol from his pocket, shoots her. As

a bride, and that hubby is in another room, she aims at him and says, "You! Only you!" and pretty little things of that sort.

Just as she is about to fly with him and the Spanish gentleman up in a hurried guinea cloak, bought in Albemarle street, W., she remembers that his father must have looked like a fly! This reminded me of the Dickens character who burst into tears when he heard the clock strike 10, because he had once heard it strike 10 when he was a laughing-lad. Mariana has hysterics. She rushes to the door and calls her husband. "Come, come," cries she, "and save your honor!" (which, by-the-by, she had been about to give away as though it were a gift with a pound of tea). She makes such a noise at the door that if it hadn't been a well-regulated, solid and bany sort of door it would have given way. Don Pablo enters, takes in the situation, is told by Mariana, who likes to rub it in, that she adores Daniel, and then, taking a pistol from his pocket, shoots her. As

the last curtain falls Daniel is moaning over her body, and hubby slinks from the room.

Isn't it a sweet little thing in plays? What object can be served by this representation of such degeneracy? If we had endowed theatres, it would be just this sort of maudlin trash that we should see. Nobody appreciates character more than I do, but I like my characters from the life of every day and not from that of the hospital or lunatic asylum. "Mariana" is the most lugubriously ludicrous "play" I have ever inspected, and to see the poor folk in the pit sitting gloomily through it was a study.

But Mrs. Pat herself was splendid. She has greatly improved, and I shouldn't be a bit surprised if she made a hit in New York one of these days. But she wastes herself upon these scared and purulent drummers. She waits until a playwright grows eccentomatic before she patronizes him. It is a pity. She is too good for such a fatuous policy. However, the pit revels in her

dresses. Mrs. Pat's gowns beggar description. She is simply laden down with gown. She is so much dressed that she is over-dressed. You wonder how she can get it all on again. This is the trouble with London society. Everything is so profusely trimmed that you can't see the real figure. It is hidden and disguised with lace and tassels and jiggery and dangle things. Mrs. Pat looked like a Christ-mas tree, all lighted up, and you marvelled at the possible dismantlement later on.

She always surrounds herself with good people. Gerald du Maurier (Trilby's son), G. S. Titherage, Berte Thomas and George Arliss are all very excellent actors. Mrs. Pat has a musical voice and the very keenest sort of dramatic instinct. But she loves those "certain lady" characters that rejoice in doing the most wrong thing the wrong moment. Her Mariana is better than her Magda as a piece of acting, but life is too short to bother about pieces of acting in plays that are notoriously contemptible.